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our parents. You have chosen the paths of peace. You have been merciful, even to the inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man, and his habitation,—the hive and the honey,—the fleece and the flock. I have defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. You know not, how bitter is the warfare of my soul, with the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience.”

As his last hour approached, he laid his cold hand, on the head of his brother's eldest child, who had been named for him, and said faintly, “Little James, obey your parents, and never be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. The blessing of God be upon you and your household.” The venerable minister who had instructed his childhood, and laid his parents in the grave, had daily visited him in his sickness, and stood by his side, as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death.

“My son, look unto the Lamb of God.” “Yes father, there is a fullness in Him, for the chief of sinners.” The aged man lifted up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless compassions of Him who receiveth the penitent, and besought for it, a gentle passage to that world, where there is no more sin, neither sorrow, nor crying. He ceased. The eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast, or gasping.

It would seem that the breath had quitted the suffering clay. And they spoke of him as having passed forever where all tears are wiped away. Yet again, there was a feeble sigh. Bending closely over him, the mourning brother caught the faint sounds, “Land of peace,” and “Savior of sinners.”

A WORD FOR PEACE. BY BERNARD BARTON.

Whence come your wars, frail worms of dust?	When angels first, to shepherds' ears,
What are your fightings for?	Announced the SAVIOUR's birth,
Envy and hatred, greed and lust,	What watchword did the heavenly spheres
Which in your members war:	Pour down on listening earth?
Dwells such a dark, unhallowed host,	“Glory to God, who dwells on high;
In temples of the Holy Ghost?	Toward men—good will and unity!”